

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1886.

NO. 126.

— AN —
OPPORTUNITY THAT OCCURS ONLY ONCE IN A LIFE TIME.

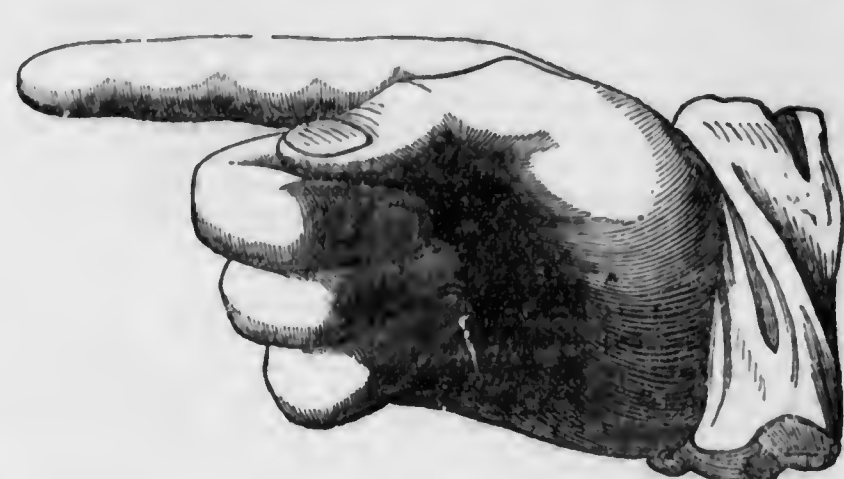
A HORSE, A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

Is what Richard III said; now this time it is

 **A BUGGY!**



A BUGGY! 



For which you don't give a Kingdom, nor a red cent.

THIS IS THE WAY to GET IT FOR NOTHING:

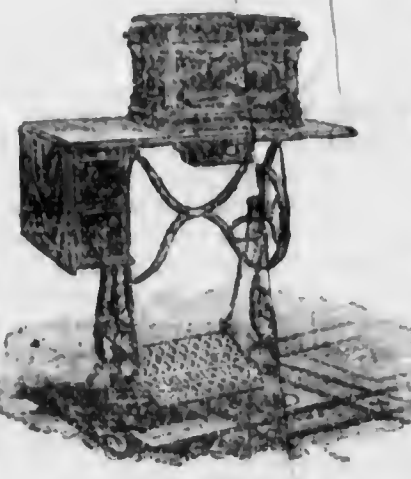
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D. K L A S S,

Opposite the Myers House, buy one dollar's worth of goods, no matter what or how much you buy. For every dollar's purchase you will get a ticket thrown in; this will give you a chance to win the **BUGGY** or

A FINE SINGER

The Buggy cost \$125 and can be seen at the store. These two articles holder of the lucky number will get either drawing. No one connected with my



SEWING MACHINE.

at the store; the Machine cost \$55 and can will be drawn for **August 25th**, and the the **BUGGY** or **MACHINE** right after the business will have a chance.

PLAIN FACTS:

I guarantee that every article sold will be as before from 15 to 20 per cent. lower than the same article can be bought elsewhere. I will return the money for any goods bought of me, if they prove not to be as represented. Remember that

MY STOCK IS FRESH, NEW AND STYLISH!

That I keep no auction trash, and even if you don't wish to buy it will be no trouble to show you our **IMMENSE STOCK** of

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Trunks and Valises,

Gents' and Ladies' Furnishing Goods. Also the great Curiosity, a white-faced African Monkey, possessed of great intelligence. My prices are positively the very lowest. Now is your chance, not only to get Bargains, but also a chance to get a **BUGGY** or a **SINGER SEWING MACHINE** without one cent or extra cost. Don't delay nor wait, as the Drawing will positively take place on **AUG. 25**, no matter how few or how many tickets are **GIVEN AWAY BY THAT TIME**. To **CASH** sales only **TICKETS** will be given. No deviation from this rule.

D. K L A S S,

Opp. Myers House, Stanford, Ky.

W. P. WALTON.

WITH SUPPLEMENT

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Circuit Judge—J. W. ALCOCK.
 " Commonwealth's Attorney—R. C. WARREN.
 " County Judge—T. W. VARNON.
 " Circuit Clerk—J. P. BAILEY.
 " County Clerk—G. B. COOPER.
 " Sheriff—T. D. NEWLAND.
 " County Attorney—D. R. CARPENTER.
 " Assessor—E. D. KENNEDY.
 " Jailor—S. M. OWENS.
 " Superintendent Common Schools—J. A. BOYLE.
 " Surveyor—F. B. HOWARD.

THE Legislature after being in session 140 days, the longest on record, adjourned at 6 o'clock Tuesday and a fervent "Praise the Lord," ascends from one end of the State to the other. May we never be cured with such a body again. All of its important acts, which have been vouchsafed at a cost of \$150,000, appear on our fourth page. Some of them are good and much needed laws, but the outlay far exceeds the value received. It is safe to predict as well as satisfactory to prophesy that a majority of the members, who have now gone home to an outraged constituency, will never see Frankfort again unless to serve a term in the penitentiary, of which question they made such a miserable muddle.

THE Louisville Commercial's Frankfort correspondent names Meredith, Newman, Thomas, Neale and Wiseman as those most responsible for the worthless results of the legislative session. All of them are one-horse politicians and ranting demagogues, but we think it is giving such pugilists too much credit to attribute such responsibility to them. With a few exceptions the entire body was made up of time-serving, record making, small ideal individuals, who would have served their country better by remaining in the corn field, on the work bench or at their old oyster tricks.

THE June Opera Festival of the Southern Exposition at Louisville by the American Opera Company will begin on the 9th of June and last five days. Besides the most celebrated of American artists and Theodore Thomas' full orchestra, there will be a 100 chorus singers and 80 ball dancers, with the finest scenery in the world. All the railroads will carry passengers at reduced rates, the L. & N. at half fare.

THE Committee which met at Frankfort Tuesday, decided after much wrangling to hold a convention to nominate a candidate for Superior Judge, at Lebanon, June 17th. Delegates are to be chosen in the 37 counties composing the district on Saturday, June 12, on a basis of one for each 200 votes cast for Cleveland and Hendricks and one for each fraction over 100. There are but two candidates, Saufley and Barbour.

NEWS comes from Washington by way of Louisville that Blackburn is laying the wires to defeat Beck for re-election to the Senate, the reason being that as they live so close together, should Beck be re-elected, Blackburn can not hope to be returned. As between the two we believe that the people infinitely prefer Beck even if he does occasionally go wrong in the matter of a postoffice or such a matter.

A STORY comes from Chicago, from whence anything good or true rarely emanates, that a man who lost an eye has had the missing member replaced with one from a rabbit, which he not only turns at will, but can see out of it as well as the other. We do not vouch for the truth of this statement, and if any of our readers are skeptical they can write to the man and get the straight of it.

IT cost the people \$100 to furnish ice for the Legislature, notwithstanding most of the session was in winter. And this too with that great retrencher and reformer, Bobbitt, warming a seat in the body, who promised upon a thousand stumps that the body should never see another piece of ice if he was sent to Frankfort. It is sad but nevertheless true that Mr. Bobbitt did not keep his promise.

THE Owensboro Messenger states an overture proposition when it says: "No man wins in Kentucky politics save he who hustles around after votes. The office has quit seeking the man. It has all it can do skimming around to keep out of the clutches of some men."

IT is said that the closing scenes of the Kentucky Legislature were so affecting that many members actually shed tears. We opine that they cried not so much at the parting as at the prospect of meeting an outraged constituency. It is too late to cry though.

AND now Carlisle is catching it for securing the appointment of Nodder, a non-descript, as postmaster of Covington, and he deserves the excommunications if his alleged promises to Mr. L. E. Casey, of the Commonwealth, are true.

THE Paris Kentuckian continues to appropriate Brother Barnes' letters without so much as intimating where they were taken from. If Craddock keeps on in this course the first thing he knows he will be indicted for stealing.

OHIO is also enjoying a season of rejoicing, her Legislature having likewise resigned. Had as was ours, Ohio's was infinitely worse. God pity her and us all.

GOV. MCCREARY continues to place us under obligations for favors.

—Logan's sweeping pension bill has passed the Senate.

THE convict bill as prepared by the special committee and slightly amended by the House passed the Senate by a majority of one just a minute or two before the session finally closed. The bill is as good as could have been adopted under the circumstances. Its opponents claim, however, that it would never have passed had not trickery been resorted to.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The posthumous heir of King Alfonso made his appearance at Madrid, Spain, Tuesday.

—Mrs. Thompson was confirmed postmaster of Louisville, with but six dissenting votes.

—In a row at Martinsville, Va., J. K. Terry was killed and seven others fatally wounded.

—Hon. Wm. M. Springer, of Illinois, has just been nominated for a 7th term in Congress.

—The Falls City Coopers work at Louisville burned. Loss \$62,350; insurance \$15,000.

—John F. Davis has been re-appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate as Commissioner of Agriculture.

—There are pension bills now before Congress, which, if passed, will take a thousand million of dollars from the treasury.

—The President has sent about 2,100 nominations for civil offices to the Senate, of these 1,700 have been confirmed and only thirteen rejected.

—The nomination of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans to be Register of the Treasury was confirmed by the Senate after much unnecessary opposition.

—Lewis D. Craig, Inspector of Convicts at Greenwood, has resigned, and Gov. Knott has appointed Maj. A. T. Keene, of Greenwood, to succeed him.

—At the last term of the Somerset court a divorce was granted to Mrs. Kate C. Hansford from her husband, W. B. Hansford, of the Junction City Herald.

—George Wood, who once owned theatres in a half dozen cities, including Cincinnati, died in poverty at New York this week. He was worth \$100,000 at one time.

—On account of pressing legal engagements Senator Kenna has been compelled to decline the Chairmanship of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

—"Do you still insist that you will not be a candidate for re-election?" a correspondent asked Gen. Wolford. "Yes," he said, "I've got enough; I don't want to come back."

—Davis, Mallory & Co., Davis & Co., Davis, Trabue & Co., firms inter-connected and doing business as wholesale dealers in cotton, dry goods, notions, Louisville, have failed for \$225,000.

—Plymouth White, alias Frank Parke, is dead at Reading, Vt. He was the prince of confidence men, and it is estimated that he has fleeced the gullible during his long life out of nearly a million and a half dollars.

—The Exposition building at New Orleans which cost over a half million of dollars and which contains over ten million feet of lumber, was sold at auction this week for \$9,050. The whole concern was the most gigantic failure of the century.

—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, as reported by the subcommittee to the full Committee on Appropriations, aggregated \$20,710,877, being \$660,000 less than the bill of last year. The estimates amounted to \$21,406,885.

—A disgraceful row occurred at Frankfort between Bart Jenkins, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and his son Bill, keeper of the cloak room. Bart buried a glass at Bill, who responded by blazing away at the old man with a pistol. No damage.

—Bishop Turner, of the African M. E. Church, attributes the recent storms, cyclones, floods etc., to the unbalancing air-currents which he charges to electric influences in the hand of man. He thinks man went too far when he utilized electricity.

—Gov. Knott reappointed Messrs. J. Pinkney Thompson, of Marion, and John D. Young, of Bath, Railroad Commissioners, and appointed Hon. I. A. Spalding, of Union, to succeed the late Hon. A. R. Boone, deceased, as a member of the Commission.

—The Senate Committee on Pensions has voted to postpone indefinitely the House Mexican Pension Bill and to report as a substitute substantially the Senate bill of last session, making dependence and disability the necessary qualifications of a pensioner.

—A petition signed by 100,894 Scotchmen, protesting against Irish Home Rule, was presented in Commons this week. It was one and one-fourth miles in length, weighed 274 pounds, and was borne into the House on the shoulders of the stalwart attendants.

—The convicts will be removed from Kenesee mines within thirty days. The Mason & Ford Company have made a contract with Huntington to work several hundred convicts on the new railroad from Newport to Mayville, and they will shortly be employed there.

—The Cincinnati Art Museum, built by the munificence of the late Charles W. West, who gave \$150,000 upon the condition that the citizens should give a like sum, and who afterwards gave \$150,000 to endow the museum, was thrown open to the public this week. It is located on the highest point in Eden Park.

—Brooks, alias Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, has made a written statement of the method by which his roommate, Preller, came to his death. He claims to have accidentally killed Preller while administering chloroform preparatory to the performance of a delicate surgical operation. His subsequent actions he is unable to account for, owing to his becoming crazed with excitement and drink after the death of Preller.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Geo. M. Givens is breaking the monotony of the time by a pretty active contract of breaking horses, and J. B. Green—the great irrepressible, is converting his entire premises into a grand wool emporium, where the fleecy treasures are heaped in billowy beauty from cellar to attic.

—August E. McInerney inaugurated a District Sunday School Convention which was to open on yesterday at Rocky Ford church in Casey county. Some 5,000 flaming programmes are said to have been printed setting forth such names as McKee, Randolph, Caldwell, Green, Wheeler and other prominent S. S. men, as the speakers. Some have arrived, but nobody here seems to have heard of the meeting.

—Our record is still one of invincible and increasing dullness. Jimmy Walker's whittling brigade—the only survivors of the former Hustonville—have got their jack-knives too blunt for service, and have not energy enough to resort to an ollivine. Business houses stand like open sepulchres, but few invade their consecrated quiet.

Hotels have fewer visitors than even the churches. Mechanics are fast ascending into the ranks of men of leisure. The telephone has been put in working order, but the musical "Hello!" is seldom heard. Ask one of the quidnuncs "What's the news?" and his muttered answer is: "None o'yer his nose." To render the stagnation complete the few who have sufficient vitality to migrate are seeking other localities.

Misses Nannie Brown, Bettie Carpenter, Sallie Jenkins and Lizzie and Blanche Tidwell are at Cincinnati attending the Musical Festival. Miss Bettie Drye leaves in a few days for an extended visit to Lancaster and North Middletown. Messrs. Evans, Judy, Vaughan, Hocker and Owsley, of Danville, were here Wednesday night.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Col. H. L. Giltner, late of Nicholasville, on Tuesday night after supper took charge of Gilcher's Hotel as landlord for the next three years.

—Mrs. Margaret A. Sandige, widow of the late Wyatt Sandige, died last Wednesday night of consumption. She had been in bad health since the death of her husband eight months ago.

—County Attorney Robert Hawing went to Perryville to-day to prosecute a negro named Geo. Pope, charged with house-breaking and stealing. C. H. Bdee went to defend the accused man.

—The army-worm is devastating many of the out fields in Boyle county, the worm is destroying the corn, and about the only circumstance we can refer to with comfort is, the Legislature has adjourned.

—The general assembly of the colored Cumberland Presbyterian church is now in session here. Quite a number of the delegates have arrived, some of them having the appearance of educated, intelligent men.

—Mr. John Carter and Miss Rosa McCane obtained license to marry or Wednesday evening, immediately after which they were married in the county clerk's office by Judge Lee. Mr. Carter is from a South Carolinian, Miss McCane is from Lexington.

—Monroe Baughman and Tom Irvine had a fight last night in the college campus over a string of fish. The police court thought this morning that Monroe was the aggressor and fined him \$5 and costs. Clay Tavis was up before the same dread tribunal this morning charged with throwing a brick through the window of the colored Methodist church last night while a "festival" was in progress, but owing to a lack of proof escaped punishment.

—The home place of the late J. M. McFerran was sold Wednesday at public outcry to John M. Higginbotham for Geo. F. Anderson, of Garrard, at \$70 per acre. There are 150 acres in the tract. The tract of 198 acres on the South end of the farm was sold to R. T. Brown, of Atlanta, Ga., at \$62 per acre. The personality sold well; long and short yearling calves bringing from \$23 to \$30; cows from \$30 to \$60. A pair of good work mules sold for \$299. T. D. English was auctioneer.

—Mr. J. W. Warde, the lame tailor who has been in the employ of P. A. Marks for several years past, has gone into business for himself. Mr. Fred Miller, the polite clerk in Gilcher's confectionery, was called to Louisville Monday night by the sudden and serious illness of his father, Mr. Samuel Hogsett, a member of the Senior class of Centre College, is able to ride out after a very serious illness from pneumonia. Mr. James R. Carrigan's friends will regret to learn that he is no better.

—Wesley Purnell, who lives on Dr. Lewis' place on the Stanford pike, was arrested Wednesday by Deputy Sheriff W. B. Moore, charged with abducting Wm. Lock and Bobt. Turner, when brought to town, said that he was in a house in company with a young woman, when the two men demanded admittance, threatening to break down the door if admittance was refused. Purnell further says that when he admitted the men that Turner assaulted him, when he drew a pistol and fired three times at Turner, shooting him twice and accidentally shooting Lock once. Turner was shot in the thigh and arm and Lock in the arm. Judge Lee, upon hearing the above statement released Purnell on his own recognizance until Saturday, when an investigation will take place. It is thought that neither Turner nor Lock are seriously wounded.

—The volcano, Mount Etna, is in an active state of eruption.

—Charles Reed, of Chicago, counsel for Guiteau, is in jail in New York for misappropriating funds belonging to a client.

—James Morrison, an old citizen of Scott county, was killed by a Cincinnati Southern train while walking on a bridge near Georgetown.

—A REGULAR—

AVALANCHE OF BARGAINS!

STORE-ROOM CROWDED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

You are Bewildered with the Sight of so much that is Desirable and Attractive,

And the Prices named almost take your breath for Cheapness. Our sole ambition is to

See How Much We can Sell for a Dollar!

We Keep Everything Pertaining to a First-Class Dry Goods Store, with a Full and Complete Shoe, Hat and Clothing Department Attached!

Our goods are the best and we only know how to lead in LOW PRICES. We could never learn to follow. We want to achieve success by deserving it. We don't expect to get rich in a day. We almost swap dollars with our customers, we sell at so small a profit, still we have no bad debts and find ourselves gaining in strength as a business House all the time.

The Calicoes and Cottons we sell to our customers at 5 cents a yard are worth that by the car-load, except the discount we get off for cash.

Ye think we can sell you Shoes and Clothing at a saving of from \$3 to \$5 over city prices. Our low prices on Shoes of every description are the marvel of the age. All the fine Lace Curtains and beautiful White Goods that sell so low in the auction will be closed out cheap. If you pay cash and want to see how far a dollar will go, call at

S. L. Powers & Co.'s Great Bargain Store,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

MCKINNEY, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The telephone is now in operation from Hustonville and other connecting places.

—Mrs. Eliza Lucas, near Mt. Salem, died of consumption after a long illness on the 16th inst.

—The closing exercises of Miss Lydia Lewis' school will take place on Friday, the 21st.

—Moses Coffey, of Yosemite, has lately moved to this place and set up a shingle machine.

—The ordination of J. M. Bolling will take place at the Baptist church, at this place, on next Saturday.

—Ambrose Butt has been stopping at the Veranda Hotel this week. He bought a fine buggy horse from John Goods for \$125.

—E. Tarrant is traveling for the Home Library Association. G. A. Richards has returned from Commercial College, Lexington, with a diploma.

—Arch McKinney, seining in his small pond the other day for a mess of fish, caught a German carp weighing 54 pounds. This speaks well for the carp as it was only two or three years old.

—This community was shocked last Sunday by it being reported that two young men, whose morals were heretofore unexceptional, had gone fishing. On their return, however, only two young crows were found in their possession.

—There is a certain young doctor in this section who has peculiar superstitious notions about bird hunting. He thinks the sign is only right for hunting them on Sunday and he hunts only for Crows. There is also a certain young merchant of the same inclination as the doctor.

—Dr. Cox and son have been talking hats and stoves and tinware to our merchants this week. J. W. Carver, with Esmerberger, String & Co., gave McKinney a call last week. He is a jolly, good fellow.

—The old farmer princes of the blue-grass region are not to be blamed for keeping vicious dogs to protect themselves against lightning rod agents; but we think these dangerous dogs ought to be trained to make a distinction between this class and those endeavoring to circulate choice literary food for the famished minds of the people.

—There has been a most interesting revival going on at the South Fork school-house for the last nine days, conducted by the Rev. W. R. Davidson, assisted by Rev. Jas. M. Coleman. It is most remarkable as it seemed to spring up spontaneously from a regular church meeting. On last Sabbath there was an immense congregation from all surrounding towns. So far there have been 58 additions. Great interest has been manifested and it is hoped much good will ensue.

—H. C. Jones is now in Hustonville preparing for his Texas business. Miss Clara Bibb returned from Rockcastle county on last Saturday. G. W. Jones and wife have gone to Cincinnati. Misses Sarah and Eliza Reynolds, of Wayneburg, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Montgomery. Mrs. Nancy Milton has been lying very low for some time. Miss Florence Barger, of Jamestown, passed through the other day en route to Mac Fogle's, in Casey county. From all appearances there will be a wedding in high life near here in a few days.

—A kind of tragical or farcical circumstance—we can't tell which—took place at a toll gate near here a few nights since. A man and his wife attending church, got in to a wrangle with the female gate-keeper whether people should pay toll attending church or not. While the heated controversy was going on the masculine gate-keeper appeared upon the scene, having forgotten to put on any garment but his shirt. The man and his wife having their sensibilities somewhat abashed, rode off, while the irate man followed them some distance making hostile demonstrations, his lonesome nocturnal garment fluttering in the breeze.

THOS. METCALF.

JOHN B. FOSTER.

Metcalf & Foster,

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET.

Low Prices a Specialty.

Our Grocery Line has always been Complete,

All of our Sugar was bought before the advance and can be sold at the same old price. Our

Hardware, Embracing Everything,

Is very cheap. We have recently refitted one-half of our store with boxes for that business. It is unsurpassed for heavy and convenient. Our QUEENSWAKE, consisting of Dinner, Tea and Chamber set, is excellent. These goods are bought from first hands and we defy competition in prices. We only ask you to call and examine goods.

METCALF & FOSTER.

WEAREN & MENEFFEE,

—Dealers in all kinds of—

Farming Implements and Machinery,



Fine Buggies, Carriages,

—SURREYS,—

Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Farm Wagons,

Grain, Wool, Seeds, Feed, Coal, Lumber, Etc.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

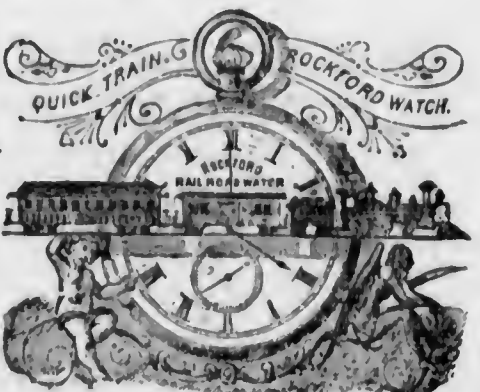
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.



W. P. WALTON.

Off the Cape of Good Hope Early in 1883—A Stern Chase and a Coming Gale—A Summons to Surrender—The Escape—"Good-bye."

Our voyage continued prosperous, and nothing suspicious was to be seen until one morning when we were off the Cape of Good Hope, as we were sailing along with a fresh breeze right aft, in sight of Table Mountain, at the entrance of the harbor of Cape Town, with Cape Agulhas about twenty miles distant on the port bow.

A close lookout was constantly kept, and before long, smoke, as if coming from a steamer close under the lee, was seen. Soon a small vessel appeared in sight, and by the aid of a glass I made out that she was a low, rakish-looking craft, neither like a man-of-war nor a merchant steamer, but at the distance she was from us it was impossible to tell definitely what she was. Under the circumstances it made me feel very suspicious.

In a few moments she discovered us, as was evident by her altering her course and steering directly toward us, at the same time hoisting the American flag. I felt that it must be the famous Alabama, and that we would be safer out of her company. But it was a case of sail and steam confined against sail alone. The steamer was closing on us with us, and presently her signals, asking "What ship is that?" could be read. I hoisted the American flag, feeling certain that the steamer's captain would not be deceived in the hull and appearance of my vessel any more than I was in his, and if I was to be taken, I would fly my own flag to the last. The steamer then hoisted the signal "Hazard to the life," and instead of complying with this request, I hoisted my ship about four points to the southward, bringing the wind on our quarter, and made all sail, which increased our speed from eight to ten knots per hour. Seeing this evolution, the steamer threw off all disguise, hauled down the "stars and stripes," hoisted the "bars and bars," and fired a shot directly at us. The distance was too great, and it fell far short. Then the smoke commenced to pour out of the steamer's funnel in heavy, black volumes, all sail was made, and the chase began.

Slowly but surely gaining on us, I slowly and surely the steamer kept on in, sending shot after shot from her forward gun, all fell short. She was now about three miles astern, rolling and pitching into the sea, which was every minute growing heavier and heavier, the spray flying over at times so as almost to hide her from sight. The sea striking us ahead would us from stern to stern and send the spray up to the very tops. The intense excitement and anxiety felt at this moment are more easily imagined than described.

At intervals strong flares of wind betokened a gale at hand. Already the wind had increased. Our distance from the steamer had lessened; she was now only about a mile astern; occasionally a shot from her forward gun came over our heads. They hoped to disable the ship in some way, but their aim was unobtainable, owing to the heavy sea. However, more than once their shot went through sails and rigging, fortunately doing no material damage. Noticing a commotion on deck, I called the mate to ascertain the cause. He informed me that the crew were frightened, or pretended to be, at the shot from the pirate, and expressed a determination to take in sail and let the Alabama come up with us to prevent further risk of their lives. Fortunately I had good officers on whom I could rely. I ordered them to get their revolvers, and told the steward to get mine. Then, mustering the crew on the quarter-deck, I told them they were engaged in a serious battle, and that the pirate, who refused duty or attempted to interfere with the orders of my officers would be shot on the spot. They realized the situation and promised obedience.

Half the afternoon was gone. The sea was rising all the time, and both ships strained heavily as they rolled to windward with the press of canvas they were carrying. The steamer could no longer stand the strain, and in came her light sails. When I saw this I felt sure of our escape if the wind would only hold its strength. We therefore took on our sky sails and royals, and the ship felt easier. In fact, we could not have carried them much longer anyhow, for the wind increased and blew in fitful gusts, a sure sign a gale was brewing. The sea continued to rise, and I now felt safe in keeping the ship off a couple of points, to bring the wind and sea on our quarter. The steamer followed my example, both vessels rushing through the water at their highest rate of speed, and both doing their level best. But she no longer gained on us.

A SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

I kept off dead before the wind on our course—due east. This brought the steamer astern, she altering her course as we did, hoping to keep us in sight until the wind and sea moderated. I was now close on her with us as near as safety would permit, and, halting us, asked where we were bound, and demanding the surrender of the ship to the Confederate government. I answered, through my trumpet: "Come and take me." Conversation being too straining for the lungs amid the howling of the wind and rolling of the huge billows, and the proximity of the vessels, and the danger, we separated a little and had recourse to blackboards to carry on our conversation. Semmes asked where we were bound. I answered, without a blush, "Melbourne," thinking that possibly he might try to intercept me if he knew I was to pass through the straits of Sunda. Then he had the cheek to order me to "haul down your flag and surrender, escape or no escape, from a kind of parole, I suppose he meant. I wrote on the board: "First capture, then parole."

This answer vexed him, I am sure, for he immediately wrote: "Surrender or I will sink you." I wrote: "That would be murder, not battle." "Call it what you will, I will do it," he wrote. "Attempt it, and I will sink you." I wrote in reply, and we will talk together. I wrote in reply, I knew his threat was vain, for in that heavy sea, rolling his sails under, he did not dare to free his guns, which were already double-lashed. They would have carried away their tackles and gone through the bulwarks overboard. Conscious that he had made empty threats, he said no more, but doggedly kept on our course.

Sail was still further reduced on both vessels as the wind kept increasing, and was now blowing a gale. We were now gradually and surely drawing ahead of the steamer. It was now growing dark. Rejoicing at my fortunate escape, I gave the valiant Semmes a parting shot by hoisting the signal "Good-bye." Dipping the star-spangled banner, as a salute, I hauled it down, and the steamer was soon lost to sight in the darkness. I never saw her after our escape, but, indirectly, she forced me to sell my ship in China soon after. "B. F. S." in The Argonaut.

BALLADE OF THE REAL AND IDEAL.

O, visions of salmon tremendous,
Of trout of unusual weight,
Of waters that wander as Ken does;
Ye come through the ivory gate;
But the skies that bring never a spate,
But the flies that catch up in a thorn,
But the reel that is laden of freight,
Through the portals of horn!

O, dreams of the fates that attend us
With prints in the earliest state;
O, bargains in books that they send us,
Ye come through the ivory gate;
But the tome of a dubious date,
But the quarto that tattered and torn,
And the leaf of a title or date,
Through the portals of horn!

O, dreams of the tongues that command us,
Of crowns for the laureate pate
Of a public to buy and befriend us,
Ye come through the ivory gate;
But the critics that slash us and slat,
But the people that hold us in scorn,
But the sorrow, the scathe, and the hate,
Through the portals of horn!

ENVY.
Fair dreams of things golden and great,
Ye come through the ivory gate;
But the facts that are bleak and forlorn
Through the portals of horn!

—Andrew Lang.

The fugitives at Pittsburgh Landing.
There is one thing, by the way, which I have never seen discussed to any great extent, and that is, the expressions of intense disgust made by the troops who advanced on the day of the battle to bring us aid at the appearance at the landing and the immense numbers of refugees who had collected at that point. They fell to consider the fact that the number of supernumeraries in an army is seldom less than 30 per cent, as they include the musicians, teamsters, employees, hospital attendants, six men detailed for different purposes, and those of the wounded who were able to go back to the rear, and who in this battle amounted to 5,000 at a low estimate. They forget that all of these were concentrated at one point at the landing.

They forget that while the average battle does not last over three or four hours this battle lasted from sunrise to sunset, and that the line was drawn back only once and a quarter mile during the entire day. In the ordinary battle the refugees fall back at right angles and are scattered along at intervals of from one to twenty miles, while in this case they could not go further than the landing, barely a mile and a half from the center of the conflict. Let them consider this and they will find that this appearance of demoralization had no real existence.—Gen. Hickenlooper in Cincinnati Sun.

Designing Sirens of the Stage.

What may be named a peculiar branch of feminine industry has been recently developed here. It consists of the entrapping of young men of silly and conceited countenance, with rich fathers, by shrewd, though unscrupulous, hurstleque actresses. The young men, commonly classified as dudes, lay sentimental siege to the actresses under the impression that they are irresistible. But the young women are so much more astute and artful than their designers that these have no sort of chance with them. Strangely enough, although marriage never entered into their calculations at first, they not infrequently yield. Then the rich papa, bearing of his son's amorous imbecility, buys the young woman off, and she releases her latest victim to secure another. Half a dozen wealthy New Yorkers have, within a year, purchased their boys' freedom from their adventuresses by paying liberally for it.—New York Letter.

Work of Bagns Sissors-Grinders.

"Never get your knife ground on the street," said a well-known cutlery man to a reporter.
"Why?" asked the reporter.
"Because the chances are that in nine cases out of ten it will be ruined. Sissors-grinding is a poor man's trade, and I don't like to speak about the frauds in the business, just because the one honest man in ten may suffer by it. The fact is that Italian forgers, or whatever they are called—capitalists, perhaps—the same who operate in hand organs, and burly gardeners, have bought up large numbers of the little scissors-grinding machines that are used in the streets. They know these to Italians, who know as little about grinding a knife or pair of scissors as a blacksmith. These fellows go about the city, gather up knives, and literally ruin them. I have seen knives passed back to the cooks as sharpened when they had the tarnish rubbed off, until the blades looked bright and new. That isn't so bad as when they round up a knife so that it takes a regular siege on the grindstone to put it in proper shape again. There are at least 100 of these bogus scissors-grinders in New York city and they ought to be arrested as frauds.—New York Tribune.

How to Secure Water Supply.

About a year ago I saw some articles on storing wind power. One of them, I believe, was for pumping water in a reservoir for irrigation purposes. I have an idea of using the same force in a still simpler way, provided local suits the case, viz., to make that untiring fellow, the wind, bring sufficient snow drifts on the most elevated portion of the farm, where, on the lowest end of it a reservoir is built, into which the water is collected by proper drainage, when the snow melts.

To bring the snow on the desired strip of land, it is simply necessary to build a high fence in a north and south direction, on the east side of which the snow will accumulate in sufficient quantity, almost every winter, to fill a good sized reservoir, if the structure be built at least from 25 to 30 rods in length; but better than a fence would be a belt of forest trees, of at least two rows of evergreens.—"G. G." in Scientific American.

Bridging the Gulf of Silence.

Is the human race not to blame for the deep silence of ages of the lower animals? The child does not acquire speech by heredity; it has to be taught. Suppose that the same case had been manifested to breed animals in regard to intelligence and education that has been given to children or has been expended to produce blooded stock, fleet hounds, silky hair and pug noses. Training and selection could accomplish but little in several generations, perhaps, but carried on for a century would develop a mental evolution in lower animals surpassing our wildest fancies. Select two animals of each species, having the highest mental faculties, and breed and teach them and their descendants by themselves, and the problem of communication across the gulf of silence which separates man and animal would soon be solved.—W. H. Ballou, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Only the slave fly instinct is the tyrant on opportunity.—K. F. Marshall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, which is a sure remedy for you. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

AT THE UNION DEPOT.

THE FUNNY AND THE PATHETIC THINGS ONE MAY SEE.

All sorts of pasteboards thrust at the Gate-keepers—The Nervous Ones of the Surging Crowd—A Serious View of Travel and Travelers.

Let anyone with an eye and inclination to the humorous but spend a day, or half a day, or an hour even, at the Union depot, where so many classes and conditions of people are jostling against each other all the day long, and if he is not rewarded with a share of comic events, with a fair share of serious, pathetic and serio-comic, it will be because he utterly fails to catch on and appreciate what really transpires.

The door-keepers are as sorely tried hour by hour, perhaps, as any other of the operative forces of the station. Whenever a train is called, no matter what, or where its destination, the waiting crowd makes a rush for the exits, and then the struggle between the door-keepers and the waiting throng begins. Dozens of tickets are thrust at the door-keepers all at once, and among them all at least one-third are for trains that won't be ready any for hours. The same impatient people will repeat the effort time and again while they are waiting—in fact, nearly every time a train is called, they are there, and being refused exit is at times monumental, and they complain of outrage and inequity.

Then all sorts of pasteboards are thrust at the gatekeepers to be punched. For instance, only a day or so ago a woman became enraged at one of the gatekeepers because he would not punch a milk ticket which she held out to him, and he would not understand that she had mixed up her tickets and might unconsciously be keeping a railroad ticket with which to purchase a quart of milk another day.

THE NERVOUS ONES OF THE CROWD.

The people who are about to set out on a journey, long or short, become more or less nervous and irritable. It is no uncommon thing for the nervous ones to step up to the ticket office, call for a ticket and express a desire to know when the train will start, and the ticket counter man is sought to give schedule time of trains at the same time the train-order is begged to explain where a sandwich can be found. "Oh, we have a hard time of it keeping the traveling public straight," said he, as he handed a dejected high. There is the old man and his wife who rush in wildly to catch a train that will not start for an hour or more, and their great good of questions must be answered; the chap who goes to sleep, misses his train by two hours and then goes off on a tangent and a bum; the woman with bird cages, pups and flower pots; the family group who prepare to have a picnic in the hall and throw bits of rejected fat pork on the floor; the sick mother, with several puny children and no help; the man who answers, "I don't know," to the many who are frantic because they can't keep their eyes constantly on their baggage; the unlucky ones who have lost their purses or forgotten parcels, and so on and so on.

But more than all the sweeping, surging crowd, that swarms at being restrained even for a moment, and that presides in attempts to force its way through the depot, plunging into a cushioned seat on the track by the time one can draw three successive breaths. It is a pandemonium at times. A herd of Texas cattle are hard to manage, but it is harder to manage a human herd bound on travel.

TAKING A MORE SERIOUS VIEW.

To take a more serious view of travel and travelers the observer has but to go to the baggage-room and there wait in line until long and weary hours of waiting in the most common form. Lost baggage will plunge the average man into a degree of desperation next to appalling as quickly as any known cause on earth, other than the elopement of his sweetheart with the other fellow. "The loss of baggage is something astonishing," one general baggage-master remarked when asked concerning the matter. "When we find we have baggage on our hands that has gone astray we keep it a few days, hoping that the owner will come for it. If the owner does not come we then open trunk, valise, or whatever it is and search for letters or other papers that will disclose the ownership. If we get a clue thus we at once write to the party and as well as to the postmaster of the town from which the letters came and to which they were addressed. Every possible agency is employed to find the owner, but in spite of all this I venture to say that not once in twenty times do we find those whom we search for, no matter what the lost property may be. Why this is I do not know. I only guess the fact."

Once a year we have a regular sale, after each piece or parcel of lost baggage, together with the number of the check, has been widely advertised, as is required by law. Now and then the rightful owner is by this means found, but only rarely. We sell the trunks, valises or what not just as they are, without being opened, and the lost property is generally purchased by the lowest bidder, and other articles of dress, ornament or utility, and why the owners never appear to claim them, or why they should have lost sight of them altogether is more than I know. Baggage checked locally or for short distances is seldom lost beyond recovery; it is the baggage that is checked through on long travel and that is subjected to various changes that is lost.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Relief for Tired Eyes.
In these days of study and sedentary work, requiring much use of the eyes, they often become so tired that they refuse to do good work. This is particularly true when the work is done in a poor light, or when it is very fine work. Few eyes will bear such treatment for any length of time without being spoiled. The question is often asked us, "What can be done in such cases?" There is one remedy for tired eyes that has great value. It consists in massage with the hand wet in cold or cool water. Fill a basin with it, and, standing over it, wet the hand with as much cold water as it will hold and apply it to the eyes, at the same time with the thumb and forefinger giving the eyes a gentle manipulation. Continue the process for four or five minutes several times a day. The results are often almost marvelous.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Athletic sports in England are now passing through a period of depression.

WILL YOU SUFFER WITH DYSPEPSIA AND Liver Complaint? Sells the Vitamin is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

There's a light in the fisherman's dwelling,
And a gleam in the fisherman's home;
It beacons him over the waters,
Athwart the mist and the foam.

There's a song in the fisherman's dwelling,
While the good wife makes it fair,
For the love that lightens labor,
And the joy of love is there.

There's a lullaby soft and tender,
As she lulls her babe to its rest;
Her thoughts are all with the fisher
In his toil on the ocean's breast.

There's a prayer in the fisherman's dwelling
For one on the stormy deep,
Through the hours of weary waiting,
Through the haze of unconscious sleep.

Cradle him, ocean billows,
Cradle him, ocean foam,
Waft him, O favoring breeze,
And bring the fisherman home!

—C. T. in Sunday Magazine.

KEEPING OUT THE COBBERS.

How Presidents Have Kept Their Minds Clear by Caring for Their Bodies.

President Cleveland is the only president in our history who seems to have no amusements whatsoever. George Washington was noted for his muscular development. He was fond of jumping, and to the last day of his life kept a pack of hounds for hunting. He could dance upon occasion, and he was careful enough of his health to go to bed every night at 10 o'clock. Jefferson was a great horseback rider, and he rode throughout the country about Washington daily during his presidency. He usually spent two hours in the saddle, and he was fond of mixing with his fellows and at his home at Monticello, he paid great attention to farming, and he often walked about the streets of Washington while in the White House. When Cleveland was inaugurated, the press was full of wonder at his getting up for breakfast at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the whole nation patted him on the back for it, as it were. Still Washington got up at daybreak, and Jefferson crawled out as soon as the light struck his chamber. John Adams, who was as fat proportionately as Cleveland is, used to take a walk from the White House around the capitol before his breakfast, which, by the way, he took as early as Cleveland, and his son John Quincy Adams was wont to go down to the Potomac and take a swim before he ate his morning meal.

Both of the Adamses were great walkers, and while John Quincy Adams was president he used to walk out to the race course, two miles from here, and back again whenever any great sport was on hand. Andrew Jackson was a hard worker, but he was a democratic fellow, and he liked horse racing, cock fighting and a good social amuse. He often attended the cock fights on the Washington heights, above Sixteenth street, and at one of the greatest races of the days of his presidency he had a horse of his own admitted in the name of his private secretary, Maj. Dismal. President Harrison was a great walker, and he did much of his own marketing during his short stay in the White House. He would go and get his market before breakfast, and though he was an old man he often went about without an overcoat.

Frank Pierce was another great horseback rider, and he was accustomed to gallop through the streets of Washington at mid night on a fine blooded steed. Buchanan was a great cock fighter, and he did some cock fighting; Lincoln drove about somewhat, and it was not uncommon to see him on the streets here. He liked the theatre, and a box was always reserved for him. Grant walked up and down the broad pavement in front of the white house for an hour or two every morning, and his love for horses and driving amounted to a passion. He was not averse to having fellows call upon him in the evening, and the parlors of much social enjoyment. Hayes' reign was a great one socially, and Arthur kept his home filled with guests, and took a long drive in the country daily. —"Carps," in Cleveland Leader.

Curious Old Custom of Quarrymen.

A curious old custom among the quarrymen of the Isle of Purbeck was observed recently at Corfe castle. There is among the quarrymen a charter bearing the date of 1551, which is rigidly obeyed, in order to keep the working of the stone quarries in the Isle of Purbeck in the hands of the free men. To be able to take up one's freedom one must be the legitimate son of a free man, and be 21 years of age, up to which time his wages belong to his parents.

Once during the year the quarrymen meet at Corfe castle town hall and there read the charter, and on that occasion—namely, Shrove Tuesday—"free boys" claim and take up their freedom. Each man has to sign the roll of freemen, pay a fee of six shillings eight pence, provide a penny loaf made on purpose by the baker of the place, and to buy a pot of beer. The man thus sworn in becomes his own master. Should any of the freemen desire to marry during the next year he has to pay the stewards "a marriage shilling," and should he neglect to do this his wife loses all interest in the quarry, and cannot take an apprentice to work for her.—Chicago Tribune.

Historian Bancroft's Lessons in English.

Mr. George Bancroft, the famous historian, has with him this winter a granddaughter, a beautiful girl of 30, who was born in Germany, and has lived in that country all her life. She has never been in the United States until now, and although her father was born in Massachusetts and lived there until his marriage, the daughter can speak but a few words of English. Mr. Bancroft, instead of employing a teacher for her, gets up at 7 in the morning, takes a cup of coffee and a roll, and then spends an hour before the family breakfast giving her lessons in English.

The old gentleman, although over 80 years of age, goes out to evening parties as the escort of this grandchild, of whom he is very proud, and acts as her interpreter in conversation with those who do not understand French or German. Every afternoon, too, he is seen taking his horseback ride with Mr. Spofford, the congressional librarian, according to the custom they have followed for many years.—Chicago Times.

Washington's Set of Ivory Teeth.
A Washington correspondent writes that the false teeth that are responsible for the peculiar expression seen in portraits of George Washington, are in the Baltimore College of Dentistry. The lower plate is carved out of one piece of ivory, tooth and all. The upper plate was carved from ivory, as was also a plaster cast of the mouth as provided, and the teeth, also of ivory, were riveted in. The upper plate split after it had been worn awhile, and the pieces were fastened together by two strips of iron riveted to the plate.—Exchange.

Like Our Smithsonian Institute.

The London Times urges the establishment in England of an institution like our Smithsonian Institute, which owes its foundation to an Englishman. The writer points especially to the value it would be to students of anthropology.

THAT BACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shill's Cure. We guarantee it. M. L. Bourne.

The Stanford Woolen Mills.

Highest Market Price Paid for Wool.

We are now prepared to manufacture wool for farmers in the best manner. As we shall make a specialty of CUSTOM WORK this season, we respectfully solicit wool to be made into Blankets, Jeans, Linings, Stocking Yarn, Flannels, Rugs, etc., etc. We will keep constantly on hand a stock of goods which we will exchange for wool on favorable terms. Wool bought at the market price. Prices for manufacturing when wool is furnished as follows: Carding and spinning, 1½¢; Carding and spinning, doubling and twisting, 2½¢; Carding, spinning and weaving 5-leaf jeans, 25¢; Carding, spinning and weaving white Linsey, 25¢. 111-1m

R. MATTINGLY, Prop'r.

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Nomi D. Pluma, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought on such a strain on his brain and he died of too much sorrow.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his readers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Spoons, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, Stationery, Ammunition, Fly Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Etc.

Everything kept in a first-class drug store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, and he has on hand a dozen Bachelors, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

—A NEW—

Buggy & Implement House.

I will be a few days open—

Full Line of Agricultural Implements,

With the reliable Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines at the head. Also a

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

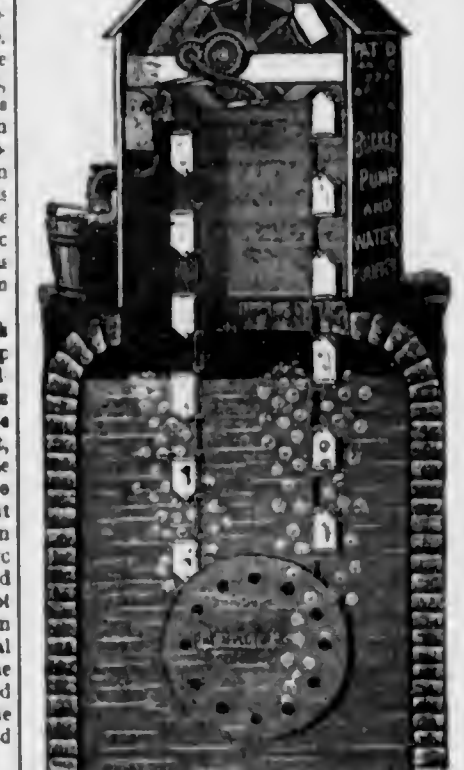
Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

(Solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

I. M. BRUCE.



The Bucket Pump & Water Purifier.

Is an improvement on any Pump or Elevator yet invented. The cups decending full of air and forcing up full of water, circulate the air from bottom to top of column or well, removing impurities, and rendering the water pure, removing all color, bad taste or smell. This Pump has an improved chain, no links to get twisted; each cup is soldered permanently, and instead of a link, a flat piece of galvanized iron is used. Do not purchase a pump until you see this. Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

MYERS HOTEL,

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r

This Old and Well-Known

Hotel Still Maintains its

High Reputation,

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that

It Shall be Second to no Country

Hotel in the State in its Fare,

Appointments or Attention

to the Comfort

of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the J. free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, INDIANAPOLIS & CHICAGO RY. CO.

Through Coaches and Pullman Sleeping Cars.

—From—

Louisville to Chicago,

Cincinnati to Chicago,

Indianapolis to Chicago

THROUGH TIME TABLE

Via Louisville:

Lvs. Louisville..... 7:45 a.m. 7:45 p.m.

Arr. Lafayette..... 8:30 a.m. 8:30 p.m.

Chicago..... 8:20 p.m. 8:00 a.m.

Via Cincinnati:

Lvs. Cincinnati..... 7:30 a.m. 7:45 p.m.

Arr. Chicago..... 12:45 p.m. 11:20 p.m.

Chicago..... 8:20 p.m. 8:00 a.m.

*Daily (except Sunday).

Be sure your ticket reads via the

MONON ROUTE.

(L. N. & C. R. Ry.) as it is the quickest, the best and most direct line to Chicago and points in the Northwest.

Tickets via the Monon Route on sale at all principal cities reached by a railroad.

For rates, maps and full information, address

W. N. S. BALDWIN, C. P. & A., Chicago.

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Bourne.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky.

to Washington City.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

—The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Points.

W. P. WALTON.

WITH SUPPLEMENT

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Circuit Judge—J. W. ALCOCK.
 " Commonwealth's Attorney—R. C. WARREN.
 " County Judge—T. W. VARNON.
 " Circuit Clerk—J. P. BAILEY.
 " County Clerk—G. B. COOPER.
 " Sheriff—T. D. NEWLAND.
 " County Attorney—D. R. CARPENTER.
 " Assessor—E. D. KENNEDY.
 " Jailor—E. M. OWENS.
 " Superintendent Common Schools—J. A. BOGLE.
 " Surveyor—E. B. HOWARD.

THE Legislature after being in session 140 days, the longest on record, adjourned at 6 o'clock Tuesday and a fervent "Praise the Lord," ascends from one end of the State to the other. May we never be cured with such a body again. All of its important acts, which have been vouchsafed at a cost of \$150,000, appear on our fourth page. Some of them are good and much needed laws, but the outlay far exceeds the value received. It is safe to predict as well as satisfactory to prophecy that a majority of the members, who have now gone home to an outraged constituency, will never see Frankfort again unless to serve a term in the penitentiary, of which question they made such a miserable muddle.

THE Louisville Commercial's Frankfort correspondent names Meredith, Newman, Thomas, Neale and Wiseman as those most responsible for the worthless results of the legislative session. All of them are one-horse politicians and ranting demagogues, but we think it is giving such pigmies too much credit to attribute such responsibility to them. With a few exceptions the entire body was made up of time-serving, record making, small ideal individuals, who would have served their country better by remaining in the corn field, on the work bench or at their old shyster tricks.

THE June Opera Festival of the Southern Exposition at Louisville by the American Opera Company will begin on the 9th of June and last five days. Besides the most celebrated of American artists and Theodore Thomas' full orchestra, there will be a 100 chorine singers and 80 ballet dancers, with the finest scenery in the world. All the railroads will carry passengers at reduced rates, the L. & N. at half rate.

THE Committee which met at Frankfort Tuesday, decided after much wrangling to hold a convention to nominate a candidate for Superior Judge, at Lebanon, June 17th. Delegates are to be chosen in the 37 counties composing the district on Saturday, June 12, on a basis of one for each 200 votes cast for Cleveland and Hendricks and one for each fraction over 100. There are but two candidates, Sanfley and Barbour.

NEWS comes from Washington by way of Louisville that Blackburn is laying the wires to defeat Beck for re-election to the Senate, the reason being that as they live so close together, should Beck be re-elected, Blackburn can not hope to be returned. As between the two we believe that the people infinitely prefer Beck even if he does occasionally go wrong in the matter of a postoffice or such a matter.

A STORY comes from Chicago, from whence anything good or true rarely emanates, that a man who lost an eye has had the missing member replaced with one from a rabbit, which he not only turns at will, but can see out of it as well as the other. We do not vouch for the truth of this statement, and if any of our readers are skeptical they can write to the man and get the straight of it.

IT cost the people \$109 to furnish ice for the Legislature, notwithstanding most of the session was in winter. And this too with that great retrencher and reformer, Bobbitt, warming a seat in the body, who promised upon a thousand stumps that the body should never see another piece of ice if he was sent to Frankfort. It is said but nevertheless true that Mr. Bobbitt did not keep his promise.

THE Owensboro Messenger states an overture proposition when it says: "No man wins in Kentucky politics save who hustles around after votes. The office has quit seeking the man. It has all it can do skulking around to keep out of the clutches of some men."

IT is said that the closing scenes of the Kentucky Legislature were so affecting that many members actually shed tears. We opine that they cried not so much at the parting as at the prospect of meeting an outraged constituency. It is too late to cry though.

AND now Carlisle is catching it for securing the appointment of Nodier, a non-descript, as postmaster of Covington, and he deserves the exonerations if his alleged promises to Mr. L. E. Casey, of the Commonwealth, are true.

THE Paris Kentuckian continues to appropriate Brother Barnes' letters without so much as intimating where they were taken from. If Craddock keeps on in this course the first thing he knows he will be indicted for stealing.

OHIO is also enjoying a season of rejoicing, her Legislature having likewise resigned. Bad as was ours, Ohio's was infinitely worse. God pity her and us all.

GOV. MCCREARY continues to place us under obligations for favors.

—Logan's sweeping pension bill has passed the Senate.

THE convict bill as prepared by the special committee and slightly amended by the House passed the Senate by a majority of one just a minute or two before the session finally closed. The bill is as good as could have been adopted under the circumstances. Its opponents claim, however, that it would never have passed had not trickery been resorted to.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The posthumous heir of King Alfonso made his appearance at Madrid, Spain, Tuesday.

—Mrs. Thompson was confirmed postmaster of Louisville, with but six dissenting votes.

—In a row at Martinsville, Va., J. K. Terry was killed and seven others fatally wounded.

—Hon. Wm. M. Springer, of Illinois, has just been nominated for a 7th term in Congress.

—The Falls City Coopers works at Louisville burned. Loss \$62,350; insurance \$15,000.

—John F. Davis has been re-appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate as Commissioner of Agriculture.

—There are pension bills now before Congress, which, if passed, will take a thousand million of dollars from the treasury.

—The President has sent about 2,100 nominations for civil offices to the Senate, of these 1,700 have been confirmed and only thirteen rejected.

—The nomination of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans to be Register of the Treasury was confirmed by the Senate after much unnecessary opposition.

—Lewis D. Craig, Inspector of Convicts at Greenwood, has resigned, and Gov. Knott has appointed Maj. A. T. Keene, of Greenwood, to succeed him.

—At the last term of the Somerset court a divorce was granted to Mrs. Kate C. Hansford from her husband, W. B. Hansford, of the Junction City Herald.

—George Wood, who once owned theatres in a half dozen cities, including Cincinnati, died in poverty at New York this week. He was worth \$100,000 at one time.

—On account of pressing legal engagements Senator Kenna has been compelled to decline the Chairmanship of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

—"Do you still insist that you will not be a candidate for re-election?" a correspondent asked Gen. Wolford. "Yes," he said, "I've got enough; I don't want to come back."

—Davis, Mallory & Co., Davis & Co., Davis, Trahne & Co., firms inter-connected and doing business as wholesale dealers in cotton, dry goods, notions, Louisville, have failed for \$225,000.

—Plymouth White, alias Frank Parke, is dead at Reading, Vt. He was the prince of confidence men, and it is estimated that he has fleeced the gullible during his long life out of nearly a million and a half dollars.

—The Exposition building at New Orleans which cost over a half million of dollars and which contains over ten million feet of lumber, was sold at auction this week for \$9,050. The whole concern was the most gigantic failure of the century.

—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, as reported by the subcommittee to the full Committee on Appropriations, aggregated \$20,710,877, being \$660,000 less than the bill of last year. The estimates amounted to \$21,400,885.

—A disgraceful row occurred at Frankfort between Bart Jenkins, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and his son Bill, keeper of the cloak room. Bart hurled a glass at Bill, who responded by blazing away at the old man with a pistol. No damage.

—Bishop Turner, of the African M. E. Church, attributes the recent storms, cyclones, floods etc., to the unbalancing air-currents which he charges to electric influences in the hand of man. He thinks man went too far when he utilized electricity.

—Gov. Knott reappointed Messrs. J. Pinkney Thompson, of Marion, and John D. Young, of Bath, Railroad Commissioners, and appointed Hon. I. A. Spalding, of Union, to succeed the late Hon. A. R. Boone, deceased, as a member of the Commission.

—The Senate Committee on Pensions has voted to postpone indefinitely the House Mexican Pension Bill and to report as a substitute substantially the Senate bill of last session, making dependence and disability the necessary qualifications of a pensioner.

—A petition signed by 106,894 Scotchmen, protesting against Irish Home Rule, was presented in Commons this week. It was one and one-fourth miles in length, weighed 274 pounds, and was borne into the House on the shoulders of the stalwart attendants.

—The convicts will be removed from Kenese mines within thirty days. The Mason & Ford Company have made a contract with Huntington to work several hundred convicts on the new railroad from Newport to Maysville, and they will shortly be employed there.

—The Cincinnati Art Museum, built by the munificence of the late Charles W. West, who gave \$150,000 upon the condition that the citizens should give a like sum, and who afterwards gave \$150,000 to endow the museum, was thrown open to the public this week. It is located on the highest point in Eden Park.

—Brooks, alias Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, has made a written statement of the method by which his roommate, Preller, came to his death. He claims to have accidentally killed Preller while administering chloroform preparatory to the performance of a delicate surgical operation. His subsequent actions he is unable to account for, owing to his becoming crazed with excitement and drink after the death of Preller.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Geo. M. Givens is breaking the monotony of the time by a pretty active contract of breaking horses, and J. B. Green—the great irrepressible, is converting his entire premises into a grand wool emporium, where the fleecy treasures are heaped in billowy beauty from cellar to attic.

—August E. McInerney inaugurated a District Sunday School Convention which was to open on yesterday at Rocky Ford church in Casey county. Some 5,000 flaming programmes are said to have been printed setting forth such names as McKee, Randolph, Caldwell, Green, Wishard and other prominent S. S. men, as the speakers. Some have arrived, but nobody here seems to have heard of the meeting.

—Our record is still one of invincible and increasing dullness. Jimmy Walker's whittling brigade—the only survivors of the former Hustonville—have got their jack-knives too blunt for service, and have not energy enough to resort to an oilstone. Business houses stand like open sepulchres, but few invade their consecrated quiet.

Hotels have fewer visitors than even the churches. Mechanics are fast ascending into the ranks of men of leisure. The telephone has been put in working order, but the musical "Hello!" is seldom heard. Ask one of the quidnuncs "What's the news?" and his muttered answer is: "None o'er bizness." To render the stagnation complete the few who have sufficient vitality to migrate are seeking other localities.

—Misses Nannie Brown, Bettie Carpenter, Sallie Jenkins and Lizzie and Blanche Twidwell are at Cincinnati attending the Musical Festival. Miss Bettie Drye leaves in a few days for an extended visit to Lancaster and North Middletown. Messrs. Evans, Judy, Vaughan, Hocker and Owsley, of Danville, were here Wednesday night.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Col. H. L. Giltner, late of Nicholasville, on Tuesday night after snapper too charge of Gilcher's Hotel as landlord for the next three years.

—Mrs. Margaret A. Sandige, widow of the late Wyatt Sandige, died last Wednesday night of consumption. She had been in bad health since the death of her husband eight months ago.

—County Attorney Robert Haring went to Perryville today to prosecute a negro named Geo. Pope, charged with house-breaking and stealing. C. H. Bides went to defend the accused man.

—The army-worm is devastating any of the oat fields in Boyle county, the cutworm is destroying the corn, and about the only circumstance we can refer to with comfort is, the Legislature has adjourned.

—The general assembly of the colored Cumberland Presbyterian church is in session here. Quite a number of the delegates have arrived, some of them having the appearance of educated, intelligent men.

—Mr. John Carter and Miss Rosa McClane obtained license to marry on Wednesday evening, immediately after which they were married in the county clerk's office by Judge Lee. Mr. Carter was he is a South Carolinian, Miss McClane is from Lexington.

—Monroe Baughman and Tom Irvine had a fight last night in the college campus over a string of fish. The police court thought this morning that Monroe was the aggressor and fined him \$5 and costs. Clay Tevis was up before the same dread tribunal this morning charged with throwing a brick through the window of the colored Methodist church last night while "festival" was in progress, but owing to a lack of proof escaped punishment.

—The home place of the late J. M. McFerran was sold Wednesday at public outcry to John M. Higginbotham for Geo. F. Anderson, of Garrard, at \$70 per acre. There are 150 acres in the tract. The tract of 193 acres on the South end of the farm was sold to R. T. Brown, of Atlanta, Ga., at \$62 per acre. The personality sold well; long and short yearling calves bringing from \$23 to \$30; cows from \$30 to \$60. A pair of good work mules sold for \$299. T. D. English was auctioneer.

—Mr. J. W. Warde, the lame tailor who has been in the employ of P. A. Marks for several years past, has gone into business for himself. Mr. Fred Miller, the police clerk in Gilcher's confectionery, was called to Louisville Monday night by the sudden and serious illness of his father. Mr. Samuel Hoggett, a member of the Senior class of Centre College, is able to ride out after a very serious illness from pneumonia. Mr. James R. Carrigan's friends will regret to learn that he is no better.

—Wesley Purnell, who lives on Dr. Lewis' place on the Stanford pike, was arrested Wednesday by Deputy Sheriff W. B. Moore, charged with shooting Wm. Lock and Bobt. Turner. Purnell, when brought to town, said that he was in a house in company with a young woman, when the two men demanded admittance, threatening to break down the door if admittance was refused. Purnell further says that when he admitted the men that Turner assaulted him, when he drew a pistol and fired three times at Turner, shooting him twice and accidentally the thigh and arm and Lock in the arm. Judge Lee, upon hearing the above statement released Purnell on his own recognizance until Saturday, when an investigation will take place. It is thought that neither Turner nor Lock are seriously wounded.

—The volcano, Mount Arna, is in an active state of eruption.

—Charles Reed, of Chicago, counsel for Guiteau, is in jail in New York for misappropriating funds belonging to a client.

—James Morrison, an old citizen of Scott county, was killed by a Cincinnati Southern train while walking on a bridge near Georgetown.

MCKINNEY, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The telephone is now in operation from Hustonville and other connecting places.

—Mrs. Eliza Lucas, near Mt. Salem, died of consumption after a long illness on the 16th inst.

—The closing exercises of Miss Lydia Lewis' school will take place on Friday, the 21st.

—Moses Coffey, of Yosemite, has lately moved to this place and set up a shingle machine.

—The ordination of J. M. Boling will take place at the Baptist church, at this place, on next Saturday.

—Ambrose Butt has been stopping at the Varanda Hotel this week. He bought a fine buggy horse from John Woods for \$125.

—E. Tarrant is traveling for the Home Library Association. G. A. Richards has returned from Commercial College, Lexington, with a diploma.

—Arch McKinney, residing in his small pond the other day for a mess of fish caught a German carp weighing 5½ pounds. This speaks well for the carp as it was only two or three years old.

—This community was shocked last Sunday by it being reported that two young men, whose morals were heretofore next to exceptional, had gone fishing. On their return, however, only two young crows were found in their possession.

—There is a certain young doctor in this section who has peculiar superstitious notions about bird hunting. He thinks the sign is only right for hunting them on Sunday and he hunts only for crows. There is also a certain young merchant of the same inclination as the doctor.

—Dr. Cox and son have been talking hats and stores and tinware to our merchants this week. J. W. Carley, with Bamberger, String & Co., gave McKinney a call last week. He is a jolly, good fellow. O. C. Yates, of Louisville, spent Sunday with his relatives, Dr. Estes' family.

—The old farmer princes of the bluegrass region are not to be blamed for keeping vicious dogs to protect themselves against lightning rod agents; but we think these dangerous dogs ought to be trained to make a distinction between this class and those endeavoring to circulate choice literary food for the famished minds of the people.

—There has been a most interesting revival going on at the South Fork school-house for the last nine days, conducted by the Rev. W. R. Davidson, assisted by Rev. Jas. M. Coleman. It is most remarkable as it seemed to spring up spontaneously from a regular church meeting. On last Sabbath there was an immense congregation from all surrounding towns. So far there have been 58 additions. Great interest has been manifested and it is hoped much good will ensue.

—H. C. Jones is now in Hustonville preparing for his Texas business. Miss Clara Bibb returned from Rockcastle county on last Saturday. G. W. Jones and wife have gone to Cincinnati. Misses Sarah and Eliza Reynolds, of Waynesburg, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Montgomery. Mrs. Nancy Milton has been living very low for some time. Miss Florence Barger, of Jamestown, passed through the other day en route to Mac Fogle's, in Casey county.

From all appearances there will be a wedding in high life near here in a few days.

—A kind of tragic or farcical circumstance—we can't tell which—took place at a toll gate near here a few nights since. A man and his wife attending church, got in to a wrangle with the female gate keeper whether people should pay toll attending church or not. While the heated controversy was going on the masculine gatekeeper appeared upon the scene, having forgotten to put on any garment but his shirt. The man and his wife having their sensibilities somewhat abashed, rode off, while the irritated man followed them some distance making hostile demonstrations, his lonesome nocturnal garment fluttering in the breeze.

—A REGULAR—

AVALANCHE OF BARGAINS!

STORE-ROOM CROWDED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

You are Bewildered with the Sight of so much that is Desirable and Attractive,

And the Prices named almost take your breath for Cheapness. Our sole ambition is to

See How Much We can Sell for a Dollar!

We Keep Everything Pertaining to a First-Class Dry Goods Store, with a Full and Complete Shoe, Hat and Clothing Department Attached!

Our goods are the best and we only know how to lead in LOW PRICES. We could never learn to follow. We want to achieve success by deserving it. We don't expect to get rich in a day. We almost swap dollars with our customers, we sell at so small a profit, still we have no bad debts and find ourselves gaining in strength as a business house all the time.

The Calicoes and Cottons we sell to our customers at 5 cents a yard are worth that by the car-load, except the diaphanous we get off for cash. We think we can sell you Shoes and Clothing at a saving of from \$3 to \$5 over city prices. Our low prices on Shoes of every description are the marvel of the age. All the fine Lace Curtains and beautiful White Goods that sell so low in the auction will be closed out cheap. If you pay cash and want to see how far a dollar will go, call at

S. L. Powers & Co.'s Great Bargain Store,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

THOS. METCALF.

JOHN B. FOSTER.

Metcalf & Foster,

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET.

Low Prices a Specialty.

Our Grocery Line has always been Complete,

All of our Sugar was bought before the advance and can be sold at the same old price. Our

Hardware, Embracing Everything,

is very cheap. We have recently refitted one-half of our store with boxes for that business. It is unsurpassed for beauty and convenience. Our QUEENWARE, consisting of Dinner, Tea and Chamber sets, is excellent. These goods are bought from first hands and we defy competition in prices. We only ask you to call and examine goods.

METCALF & FOSTER.

WEAREN & MENEFFEE,

—Dealers in all kinds of—

Farming Implements and Machinery,



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—SURREYS,—

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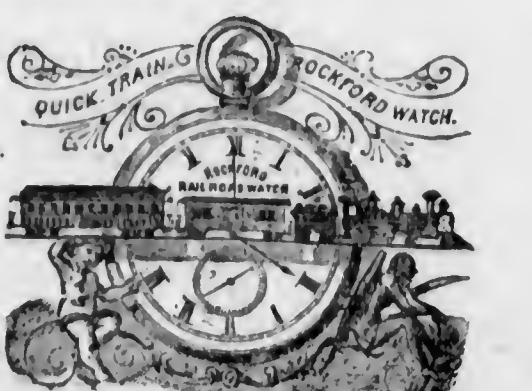
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JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks,
 Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than
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Published Tuesdays and Fridays

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\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

"GREAT AUSTRALIAN RIGHT."

P. & O. S. S., Sydney, March 26, '86.
DEAR INTERIOR:—The "G. A. B." is a huge indentation off the Southern shore of this mighty continent. Our present course is on the shore of this great sea—at one extremity of which lies Albany; and Adelaide at the other. The distance between them 1007 miles, which we are "knocking off" famously, now, over a pleasant sea and under a blue sky.

Tuesday, 23d, at 4 p. m., we steamed cautiously into the landlocked harbor of Albany, at the head of King George's sound. From early dawn we had been running down the coast with land in full view—perhaps less than five miles distant, on an average—and when we came opposite our little harbor, made a sharp turn to "port," entered a narrow gateway between two bold headlands, and found ourselves in a beautiful circular bay, several miles in circumference, with a pretty little city straggling up the hillside on the right, and quite a look of fairy land about this hidden harbor and town, as perfectly concealed until one searches it out. A gray-haired pilot, in neat uniform, did the port honors and saw us into a safe berth, when the anchor was dropped, and notices given that we should not sail again before 10 o'clock. Two steam launches came out to us and took off the passengers, wishing to go ashore. The P. & O. anchorage is about the center of the harbor, and less than a mile from the landing jetty. The steam launches are "licensed to carry 40" each and the two sufficed to take all waiting to go. The fare is one shilling each way.

The view of the town, as one approaches it from the harbor, is very pleasing. You see all there is of it, at once, for it is built on a plain hill slope, from the water side up, thickly at the bottom; scattering at the top, with several villas of more than ordinary architectural pretensions, dotted choice sites, a little way out of town. The handsomest of these belongs to our gray-haired pilot, I was told, which speaks well for his taste in selecting a homestead.

When we landed it was difficult to realize that we were actually in the "intermost parts of the earth." With the exception of a few odd vegetable growths, Albany might have been a quiet seaport in England, Scotland or Ireland. But a brief stroll up the principal street brought us upon a scene that is not witnessed in the British Isles. In front of one of the modest "hotels"—of which the little city has several—about a dozen "Aboriginals" (so the Australians call the natives of the country) were executing a sort of "war-dance" for the edification of a knot of our passengers. The exhibition was not unlike what I have seen in America, with our own red Indians as actors; made up of grunts and diabolical yells, and leaps and hoppings to and fro, of very ungraceful character, but all in a certain rude time and measure. Each one carried a tuft of grass in his hand—the use of which I could not divine. A few horrible women, with pipes in their mouths and fragments of "billy cock" base atop of their tangled locks, stood near; one of them with a "pickaninny" aving in the slack of a greasy blanket, on her back. The young aboriginal had frowny reddish hair and seemed a most interested spectator of everything—rolling a pair of curious black eyes in every direction. When the dance was over the women scattered to the various groups of spectators to collect the harvest. One hideous old hag approached me with extended palm. I responded with a penny. I wish you could have seen that malevolent look the witch like beldame gave me. "No!" she almost shouted. "Takpen!" "Takpen!" Which I at once guessed was "Aboriginal" for sixpence. And I gave right. I demurred slightly, but she gave me such a demoniacal scowl—still repeating in an uncompromising way—"No! Takpen! Takpen!" that I timidly consented to be robbed by this dreadful old creature; then and there making over into her dirty hand the coin she coveted. Then she consented to leave me without thanks—expressed or felt gratitude, so far as I could read her ugly face. A more disreputable lot of savages I never saw, nor wish to see. I was told they were the average specimens. I had not expected much, for all the historical accounts of the Aborigines of Australia describe them as of a very low type of humanity indeed. But they are more repulsive than I had imagined. Squat, thick legged, wiry; coarse of feature; painted hideously; greasy; filthy; dull black in color; clad in sheep skins—wool inside; with not one attractive, redeeming point on which an inquiring glance might rest; and all smoking the distasteful pipe. As I looked upon these original proprietors of the soil, I felt a long way from home, and the realization of our position began to steal upon me at last.

Down this main street we came upon a man peddling boomerangs; which also gave me a twinge of the exile feeling. He also offered for sale a pair of Emeu legs, taken off at the knee, and so recently as to be impudently dried. They looked like the peddlar's extremities of the father of all the wild turkeys. I did not invest, but have regretted ever since that I did not buy a boomerang for half a crown (50c)—exorbitant though the price was—as a memento of my visit to "King George's Sound." A small boy approached me with a bundle of newspapers. "Buy the Albany Mail!" No conciliatory, "Sir"—tacked on to this invitation to purchase, as a "newsboy" with us would have spoken it. I looked at the unpretending sheet and inquired the price. "Sixpence." "Isn't that rather dear for so small a paper?" I modestly asked. "Yes, it is dear, but everything has to be imported and there are not many subscribers," he promptly replied. "Can I get Melbourne and Sydney papers in town?" "O yes!" he answered quite cheerfully. "You see that man on the ladder?" "Yes." "Well, you do the other side of that man, you can get what you want." No more attempt to sell a paper. No nagging. I was so impressed with the little chap's evident desire that I should get what I really wanted, that I bought a paper from him, instantly, and was glad afterward, for I was rewarded with a really fresh batch of English telegrams—worth several shillings to my hungry appetite for something at home.

We stepped into the open door of the "church" and found it a neat, but most diminutive structure—seating, perhaps, 50, in all. But it may be ample for the usual attendance. If so, one must needs be impressed with the contracted demand for religion, in this corner of the great colony. Of course we made sure of properly posting our letters to go by the next steamer, which we expect to meet to-morrow—coming out from Adelaide. The postage rates are "stiff" but not exorbitant. 6d to England and 8d to America—12d and 16d respectively. The stamps of Western Australia are unique; all of them bearing the emblem of a swan. The "Swan River Settlement" was the first name of the present city of Perth—the capital of Western Australia. Perhaps "odd" would more appropriately characterize the stamp than "unique." We had to be exact in our purchases, so as to have none left over, as the stamps of W. Australia are useless outside of that colony. No intercolonial arrangement has yet been made to obviate this, and many other difficulties, which I may notice as I come in contact with them. I set this down as the first one of the local jealousies we have encountered, and as the cause of our first momentary annoyance. Fancy Kentucky postage stamps not being "good" in Tennessee, and you have it. I dare say this will be rectified in time when the country is settled more compactly and postage stamps as a medium of trifling remittances, become a daily necessity, as with us.

I was amused at the size of the Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney papers. I thought the man had picked up a packet of them, when I bought the last Melbourne Australian. Fancy 48 pages Royal Folio. I send the Interior office a specimen by this mail, that will, I rather think, astonish a practical printer. They are as big as the continent—relatively.

I was impressed, also, with the purely business basis on which even the smallest purchases are made in the Albany shops—whichever, by the way, are very well stocked and well gotten up, generally. No obsequiousness; no smiling invitation to buy, nor polite query of what they can "do for you sir?" as in a London establishment. They look inquiringly at you—a square, business look. You state your wants. They get the article you ask for. They take your money. You take their goods. No thanks. Yes, I said, "thank you," from the force of habit. But it sounded out of place in that solid transaction.

The harbor is lovely—from the town; as was the town from the harbor. Albany must be a pleasant place to live in—elbowed a bit sleepily—judging from the comfortable look of everything. I didn't see a squelid thing in the place, but that squad of wretched "Aboriginals." They were exotic, of "the bush"—as everything "out of town" is called in Australia. The arrival of a "P. & O." is a harvest of sixpences and shillings—all round. 60 or 80 passengers landing after a long stretch at sea are sure to leave a lot of money in the first port they touch. For a few hours things wear a lively look. But I could easily imagine the stagnation that followed our departure—leaving two coal-hulks, four barges, two steam launches and half a dozen sail boats as the sole occupants of the "Sleepy Hollow" where the most 8. Euterly of the cities of Australia drowns away its uneventful existence.

I noticed how clean the streets were, and smooth with their well laid coats of yellow gravel. The houses are either stone or brick—as in W. Australian towns generally;—in striking contrast, I am told, with the extensive constructions of wood in other colonies. So much for "first impressions" of this amazing country. I have read enough to be prepared for wonders. I little dreamed of. I will write of them *en route* as they turn up, hoping the narrative may entertain and even instruct your readers.

We did not steam out of "King George's Sound" until midnight, and the heaving of the anchor only lifted me to the regions of consciousness for a little moment, to drop back, immediately, into deeper slumber. By nine in the morning we hope to be in Adelaide harbor, where I wish to mail this. Praise the LORD for bringing us safely another stage. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES

Mr. Brown, of San Antonio, Texas, became angry and swore in the presence of Mrs. Williams. She objected, and he told her to help herself if she could. So she told her husband, and Mr. Williams at once loaded his pistol, sought Brown, and found him eating supper. "Did you swear in my wife's presence?" asked Mr. Williams. "I did," answered Mr. Brown. Thereupon Mr. Williams shot Mr. Brown dead.

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THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—During the 140 days of the session 2,394 bills were introduced, 633 in the Senate and 1,761 in the House. Of these 1,430 were passed; 427 of the Senate and 1,003 of the House. But 59 of these bills were general in their nature. The Governor vetoed 41 bills and it would have been better for the State if it had been ten times so many.

Of the 1,430 bills passed by the Legislature, the following are about all that are of general interest:

To make gambling a felony.

To provide for the calling of a constitutional convention.

To authorize the appointment of agents to attend to revenue matters.

To repeal the law protecting food fishes in the streams of this State.

To authorize juries of the counties to appoint deputies.

To repeal all the acts relating to the election of a Warden of the penitentiary, and provide for an election by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

For the benefit of the branch penitentiary at Eddyville; to levy a tax of 3 cents on the \$100 to complete it.

For the benefit of public schools in the Commonwealth in cities of over 20,000 inhabitants; to allow pupils between the age of 20 and 40 to attend the night schools.

To provide for the monthly payment of teachers; allowing the school trustees to borrow money for the purpose.

To define a lawful fence, and to secure owners of property for damages to the same by trespassers by the live stock of others. Wire is also made a legal fence.

To stamp out pleuro-pneumonia and to prevent the spread of infectious diseases by attaching penalties.

To establish the Nineteenth Circuit Court Judicial District, composed of the counties of Eutaw, Powell, Lee, Clay, Perry, Letcher, Knott, Breathitt and Wolfe.

To authorize peace officers to take bond in penal and criminal cases.

To permit express messengers to carry concealed weapons.

Appropriating \$5,000 for a building for the colored blind and \$3,000 annually for expenses.

To increase the penalty for incest from two to six to twenty-one years.

To make seduction a felony, punishable by confinement in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than five years.

To make the County Superintendent elective for four years, instead of two, and provide for taxation for school purposes by districts instead of counties.

To make the erection of tombstones over deceased persons a part of the funeral expenses to be allowed in settlement of the estate.

To revive the old law in relation to ex-emption of personal property from execution, attachments, distress for rent and fee bills in this State.

To make dogs which have been listed for taxation and the tax paid thereon personal property.

To appoint an inspector of scales and an assistant weigher at coal mines. It allows the miners to employ them at their own expense.

To require counties to pay for their own record books.

To establish a State Normal School for colored persons. It appropriates \$7,000 for a building and \$3,000 annually.

To permit handwriting to be tested by comparison.

To require that fences must be erected and maintained upon both sides of all railroads, the owner of the land and the railroad company to divide the cost, except where the railroads are given the right of way, when they shall bear all the expense.

To increase the penalty for rape from two to six years to from two to twenty-one years.

To require all fertilizers to be analyzed at the State College.

To amend the act regulating the pay of Commonwealth witnesses in felony cases.

To require all life and other insurance agents to pay a license.

To amend the act for the relief of the penitentiary, so as to prohibit the working of the convicts in the mines after the expiration of the present contracts.

To extend the time of the existence of the Superior Court four years longer, and providing that appeals may be taken from that court to the Court of Appeals only in cases where the amount involved is \$2,000 or more.

To require all incorporated cities, towns and villages to establish local boards of health, and make quarterly reports to the State Board.

To levy a tax of \$500 on dealers in lightning rods.

For the benefit of mechanics, laborers and material men, increasing the time in which steps may be taken to preserve a lien from sixty days to six months.

To require morphine to be sold only in sealed wrappers.

To allow defendants to testify in criminal and penal cases. It allows defendants to testify, but their refusal to do so is not to be construed as an evidence of their guilt.

To continue the Geological Survey. It appropriates \$10,000, out of which is to be paid the printing of the Survey. The salary of the geologist is reduced from \$3,000 to \$2,000.

To provide for the partition of lands held under deed or will vesting a life estate on two or more persons.

To provide that the Commonwealth shall not admit as true the affidavit of absent witnesses in order to prevent a continuance. Such affidavits are to be taken as other testimony and the Commonwealth shall be permitted to controvert the statements of such affidavit so read by other evidence and to impeach such absent witnesses to the same extent as if he were personally present.

To repeal the act regulating the advertisement of real estate and personal property under executors' sales.

To require that suits for libel be brought in the county where the paper is published or in which the plaintiff is a resident.

To give Sheriffs, ex-Sheriffs, constables and tax collectors further time to collect taxes and fee bills. It extends the time two years from March 8, 1886.

To amend the revenue laws. The most important provisions are those fixing the general tax at 47 cents on \$100; fixing the pay of assessors at four cents on each \$100 of the first \$1,000,000 and 1 cent on each additional \$100; requiring Sheriffs to bid in property sold for taxes for the State; and fixing the rate of taxation on bank stock at 75 cents on the \$100, and exempting ten per cent. of their surplus.

Dr. Talmage is preaching a series of sermons on the labor question and in the one Sunday is the following paragraph:

I have a right to resign my pastorate of this church and say to the people: "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-bye." But I have no right, after I have quit this pulpit, to linger around the doors on Sunday morning and evenings with a shot-gun, to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to take my place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor in this pulpit I become a criminal, and deserve nothing better than to be in a tin bowl in Sing Sing Penitentiary. Here is a statement that I would have every laborer put in his memorandum book or paste in his hat, and every newspaper put at the head of its column. There are now about twelve million people in this country receiving wages, and about six hundred thousand belonging to organizations that control their labor. I would have all the six hundred thousand do as they please, and I would have all the other eleven million four hundred thousand do as they please. You will admit that the six hundred thousand in such organizations ought not to control the eleven million four hundred thousand laborers not in them. Your first duty, O laboring man, is to your family. Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right.

There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and periodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 606. The daily newspapers number 1,216, a gain of 33. There are 700 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United States, and nearly one-third of them are printed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, six to the honey bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry. The dentists have eighteen journals, the photographers nine, and the deaf and dumb and blind nineteen. There are three publications entirely devoted to philately, one to the terphichorean art. Philatelists have 129 organs to the liquor dealers' eight. The woman suffragists have seven, the candy makers three. Gastronomy is represented by three papers, gas by two. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German, and forty-two in French. The towns which have most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans and Worcester, Mass.—four apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue.

The advance in broom corn is something unprecedented. A year ago it was worth \$30 per ton, and now fetches from \$100 to \$240 per ton. The seed, ordinarily worth \$2.50 per bushel, now sells at \$10, and can not be had in sufficient quantities even at that price. The reason for this state of affairs is that a few years ago everybody went into raising broom corn, the market was over-stocked, and prices went so low as to create a disgust for the industry. Last year only about a third of a crop was raised and no attention was paid to saving seed. There is probably not seed enough in the country to put out more than a third of a crop this year, and those farmers who are lucky enough to have seed on hand will make a good thing out of their broom-corn crop in 1886.

"Yes," remarked the Hon. Posey Stubbs, of the wire grass district, "I managed to get \$60,000 out of the River and Harbor Board for the improvement of Bearwallow Creek, but my constituents have not risen to the emergency, I am sorry to say."

"How is that?" asked the stranger. "Why, they write me that they can't find the d-d creek," cried Mr. Stubbs in disgust. "Did you ever hear of such stupidity? I telegraphed the blooming innocents at once to rechristen a convenient watering trough."

[Washington Hetchet.

An episode of Swiss heroism is to be solemnly commemorated near Lucerne in July—the sacrifice of Arnold of Winkelried, who at the battle of Sempach, threw himself upon the Austrian spears to encourage his flagging companions, and whose bravery secured the victory. The quincentenary of the battle will be kept by erecting a commemorative monument on the field, and the neighboring cantons will furnish a grand historical procession in the costume of Winkelried's times.

A lot of boys in Nicholasville played at hazarding the other day, and induced Walter Clarke, aged 12, to be the hanger. He stuck his head in the noose and a boy kicked a barrel over from under him, and then his companions ran away and left Walter kicking in the air. He was cut down by passing men, but was unconscious for several hours.

A HORSE PALACE.

THE FINEST PRIVATE STABLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Frank Work's New York "Horn," That Cost \$140,000—His Famous Trotting Team, Edward and Dick Switzer, Natural Trotters.

Of course nature's best gift to mankind is a good horse. But one is not certain whether there are not men who overdo the horse business. There are private stables in New York city which have had money enough spent on each one of them to found a colony with model homes for working people. It is not a thoughtless person who is inclined to think of the stables in the great city by the sea. It shows at once what vast wealth there is in New York and how little rational idea the owners have of spending it. They are human beings are dying like sheep in smoking tenement houses, and those fortunate men of wealth will spend \$200,000 on a stable and horse, or \$300,000 on a yacht, without a thought of the starving ones of their own kind. The rich men and women of New York alone have it in their power to do away with the tenement house system of that city in six months' time. Do they ever think of it? No they don't.

Mr. Frank Work is a rich man, 65 years old. He has been a horse owner and speeder forty-five years.

It is a pretty steep for a stable that, \$140,000. Mr. Work is so fond of his stable that he spends much of his time there, like a hostler. But he has had three magnificent rooms fitted up for himself on the second floor. The sitting room is the one seen in the illustration. He also has another home somewhere else in the city, where his family live.

Mr. Work, speaking of the breeding up of trotters, says that when he first came to New York in 1839 a three-minute trotter was more of a rarity than a 2:30 horse is now. The gorgeous stable is on Fifty-sixth street near Seventh avenue. Its ceiling is of polished oak, and the floor is covered with heavy matting. There was a certain room in the city a few years ago when Mr. Work had his famous silver plated Mr. Rockedell, of Standard Oil company fame. He ought to name his fastest trotter Coal Oil.

When a New York horse fancier speaks of "the road" he means St. Nicholas avenue, out by Central park, through which the fast horses are generally driven. The famous horses belonging to private owners may be seen here any day after dark. Here is where a glimpse of Maud S. horse may be had occasionally. Here is where Mr. Work drives his Edward and Dick Switzer.

When Maud S. trots it is necessary to put two weights upon her to bring out her highest speed. Mr. Work takes pride in the fact that his team are natural trotters. He says: "They do not wear boots or weights, and I have never known them to touch a hair when going at their greatest speed, and, more than this, all their fast rallies have been made with simply the natural preparation which driving on the road has given them. They wear no check reins, but carry their heads in the manner which God intended them to, and they are always ready on a moment's notice to do their best. Most horses have a weak spot somewhere, but if mine have one I do not know it. You ask me why they have retained their speed for so many years. Well, I do not pound them around every day and drive them over hard roads that are not fit for speeding purposes. When I have a brush with another horse or team they are as eager as one could wish, but they do not fret and fuss and act in the disagreeable manner that is common to so many horses. I have been careful not to do foolish things with them, and have never known them to take a lame step."

Within this horse palace are vehicles of all kinds. A man never looks so stately or so selfish when he drives off by himself in one of those splendid little single-seated trotting wagons. Here are all the world's wives and young ones dying to take a ride in the fresh air, and Mr. Horse Fancier tucks his duster about him and drives out before their eyes, all to himself, behind a horse that would be all the better for baulking at least two persons, or four, counting the little children.

Mr. Work's stables are supplied with those single-seated trotting wagons. There are also barouches, closed carriages, etc., at pleasure. The ceiling is more beautiful and elaborate than very many church edifices outside the large cities can boast of. The dark polished oak rafters shine in the gas-light that gleams from lights brilliant enough to illuminate a ballroom. Around the ceiling, at the top of the walls, the decorations are very elaborate.

The stable is so fine and costly that it is rated as a curiosity by thousands of per-

—Trotters four wheels F. National Rock stock of Nicholasville 14 at \$150.

THE TORNADOES.

Views of Buildings Destroyed at Kansas City, Mo.

Just what this country is coming to it is hard to tell. In the early part of the century, tornadoes were almost unknown. Even thirty years ago they were of the rarest occurrence. One which passed through Central and Southern Ohio about twenty-eight years ago has become historic. But now no part of the country seems safe from earthquakes and tornadoes. If we are to be whipped about in this sort of way all over the land every year or two, what are we coming to, indeed?

At Xenia, O., twenty-six persons lost their lives in the tornado and flood of May 12. Ten others are yet missing. They were mostly colored and lived near the creek. It is nearly always the poor and the lowly who suffer.

Archer creek is an insignificant stream that runs through Xenia in a way so unpretentious that it is not thought to be any sort of a "run" at all. Culverts bridge it. But at 9 o'clock at night there came a terrific thunderstorm. A water-pot seemed to strike that part of the town along Archer creek. A man residing close to the stream says that it was two minutes after the thunderclap to wait wind-steps in water, just as suddenly did the flood come. In Illinois and Indiana there were terrific floods and tornadoes the same day. Kansas and Missouri had their turn the day before. It looks to be the same storm passing eastward.

One of the houses wrecked was the Lathrop public school building. It had lately had a wing put to it for an art school. If art is a failure in this country it will not be because the west is not cultivating it. Almost every village has its art school.

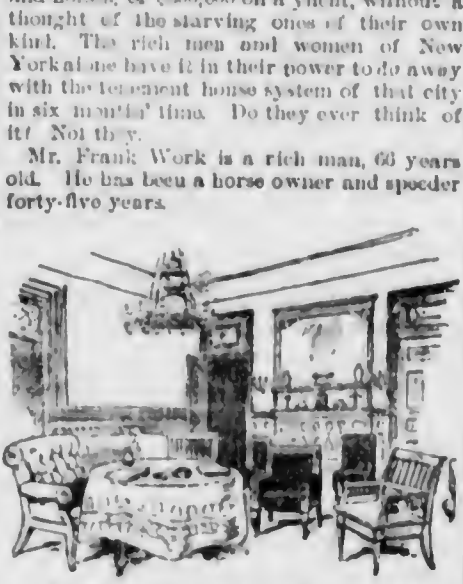
The Lathrop school house was topped with a great magnifying tower of masonry. Twelve feet had been pronounced unsafe and twice condemned, the last time only a few weeks ago, but no attention was paid to the warning. If it had been heeded the score or more of little children now lying crushed and cold in death might have been yet alive. The tornado struck the northwest corner of the house. The huge tower swayed a moment, never fell, then toppled and fell inward through the center of the structure. The house was full of pupils. Before the storm cloud burst the air had been fearfully still, and the heavens had turned dark as twilight.

The children were frightened, but covered quiet as their teachers' command till the storm fell. It was the smallest pupils in the basement, poor little things that were hurt most. The storm raged so terrifically that all was one wild noise and spin and whirl for three quarters of an hour. It was wind and water together. It ceased suddenly, and in a moment the schoolyard was full of horror-stricken people. They began the work of digging out the dead and crushed bodies. The scenes were heart-rending and fell under another was recognized by its parents. It was a time of agony and fear. When the rescuers were lifting out one girl who had been pinned down beside her because he was so little, only 5 years old. There were heroes in their tiny creatures who were carried out wounded and dying on that sad day.

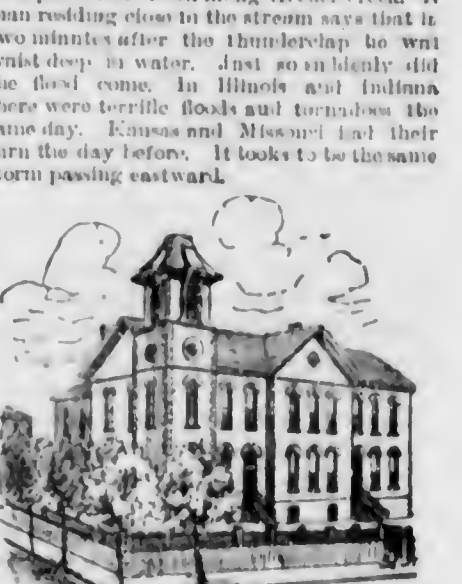
The county court house was a handsome structure. It was built on a hill, commanding a view of the city. Consequently, it was exposed to the full fury of the storm. It had been built originally for a hotel, but the county bought it for \$200,000 and changed it into the court house you see in the picture, at least that is what it was a few days ago. Now it has no roof at all and most of the walls of the third and fourth stories are gone. It is a melancholy ruin. A deputy sheriff was killed by a falling wall. There were a number of prisoners in the basement and for the first time in their lives they had reason to congratulate themselves that they were in jail. They were held safe and uninjured in the basement during the storm.

The first bridge built across the Missouri river was at Kansas City, and appears in the illustration. It was owned by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. It cost \$20,000. Twelve years it had been partly washed away by floods, and had been rebuilt with especial care with a view to making it strong enough to resist storms. But the second span from the Kansas side of the river was blown into nowhere by this May storm. Telegraph and railroad termini were mostly quite destroyed. Kansas City was wrecked by a terrific tornado three years ago. The losses by tornado to the country this spring will foot up many millions of dollars. The storm passed through the heart of Kansas City. It came from the southwest and passed northward, leaving woe and destruction in its tracks.

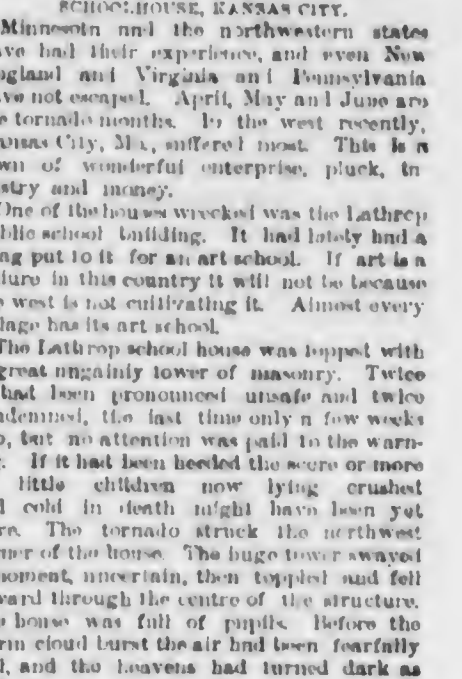
Please look at the date on your label and if you are in error, send us our copy. "How do you do?"



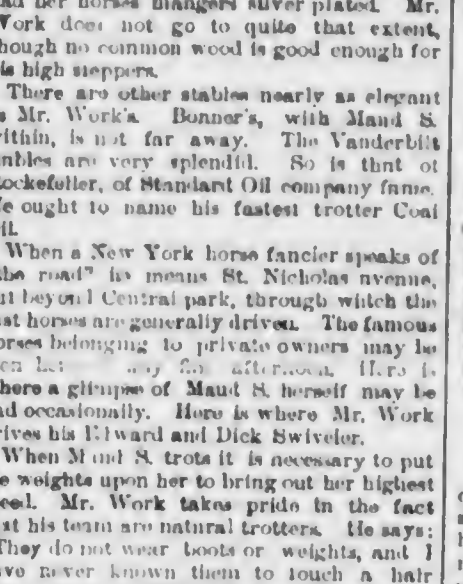
WAITING ROOM IN WORK'S STABLE.



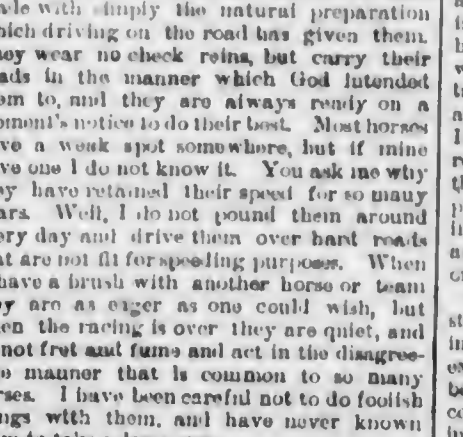
SCHOOL HOUSE, KANSAS CITY.



THE COURT HOUSE.



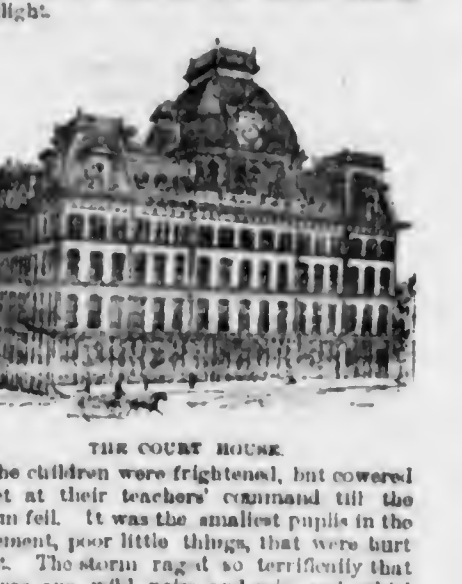
A HORSE PALACE.



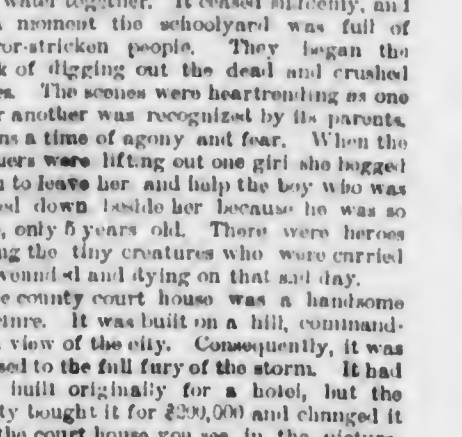
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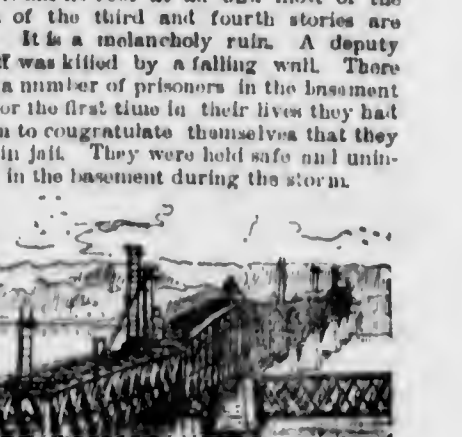
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